MATILDA.

The faire and chaſte Daughter of the Lord *Robert Fitzwater.*

THE TRVE GLORIE OF THE NOBLE HOVSE OF SVSSEX.

Phœbus erit noſtri princeps, & carminis author.

AT LONDON,
Printed by *Valentine Simmes*, for *N. L.* and *Iohn Busby.* 1594.

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To the noble and vertuous Gentlewoman, worthy of all honor, Mistres *Lucie Harrington*, Daughter to the Honorable Gentleman, Sir *IOHN HARRINGTON*, Knight.

OVR rareſt vertues, (honourable Miſtres LVCIE,) haue made me, amongſt many other competent Iudges of your worth, both to loue and admire you: but the exceeding kinde affection (which I knowe) the Houſe of POWLESWORTH doe beare you, (a Family where-vnto I muſt confeſſe, I am both in loue and dutie more deuote then to any other) hath mooued mee, for a more particuler proofe of that honor which both they and I are willing to doe you, to dedicate my Poeme to your protection.

Vouchſafe therefore noble Miſtres LVCIE, your ſelfe beeing in full meaſure, adorned with the like excellent gifts, both of bodie and minde: graciouſly to patronize MATILDA. A mirror of ſo rare chaſtitie, as neither the fayre ſpeeches, nor rich rewards of a King, nor death it ſelfe, could euer remoue from her owne chaſt thoughts: or from that due regard which ſhee had of her neuer-ſtained honor. Your gracious and curteous acceptance of theſe my labours, may encourage mee heereafter, to publiſh ſome worke of greater worth, vnder your Name and protection, to whom I wiſh all happineſſe.

Yours in all humble ſeruice,

Michaell Drayton.

To the Honourable Gentlemen of Englande, true fauorers of Poeſie.

LEarned and honourable Gentlemen, whoſe kind and fauourable acceptance of my late diſcourſe of the life and death of *Peirs Gaueſton*, hath emboldened mee, to publiſh this tragicall Hiſtorie of my *Matilda*, which otherwiſe, the fonde cenſures of the ſottiſh and abſurd ignorant had altogether diſcouraged me: (of thoſe detractors I meane,) who without iudgement of reading, haue raſhlie and iniuriouſly wronged the moſt rare & excellent men who haue written in this age wherein wee liue. They themſelues, eyther wanting the vſe of thoſe tongues, which as the keyes of knowledge vnlock the treaſurie of moſt rareſt inuention, or els theyr dull eyes, ſo ouer-clowded with miſtie ignorance, as neuer able to looke into celeſtiall ſecrets of diuine Poeſie, thereby to diſcerne the right and true method of a perfect and exquiſite Poeme.

And yet, ſuch is the folly and ſhameleſſe impudencie of ſome, (as wee ſee euery day,) which in their wanton and adulterate conceits, bring forth ſuch vgly Monſters, as a modeſt and ſober eye, can hardly abide to view their deformities. Then it is no meruaile though the diuine Muſes, take ſo ſmall delight in our Clime, finding their ſweet and pleaſant fields, which ſhould be holy and ſacred, defiled, and polluted, with ſuch lothſome ordure. And although there be many, furniſhed with ſundry ſorts of good learning, yet wanting that diuine touch and heauenlie inſtinct which giueth life to inuention, doe baſely diſgrace that, wherein theyr owne experience tells them, they bee altogether ignorant. But onely to you, excellently qualified, and rare accompliſh'd Gentlemen, the true heyres of the Muſes, I conſecrate my labours, whoſe wiſe and diſcreet cenſures, haue heeretofore made knowne to me, the true perfection of your owne honorable diſpoſitions: & onely to you *Matilda* committeth her ſhort diſcourſe.

Michaell Drayton.

The viſion of *Matilda*.

ME thought I ſaw vpon *Matildas* Tombe,
Her woſull ghoſt, which Fame did now awake,
And crau'd her paſſage from Earths hollow wombe,
To view this Legend, written for her ſake;
No ſooner ſhee her ſacred Name had ſeene,
VVhom her kind friend had choſe to grace her ſtory,
But wiping her chaſt teares from her ſad eyen,
Shee ſeem'd to tryumph, in her double glory.
Glory ſhee might, that his admired Muſe,
Had with ſuch method fram'd her iuſt complaint:
But proude ſhee was, that reaſon made him chuſe,
To patronize the ſame to ſuch a Saint:
In whom her rareſt vertues might be ſhowne,
Though Poets skill ſhould fayle to make them knowne.

H. G. Eſquire.

THY learned Poeme (Friend) I will not prayſe,
Nor will commend *Matildas* chaſtitie,
Shee by thy Muſe, her fame from graue doth rayſe,
And hie conceit, thy lines doth dignifie.
But that in this, the honour thou dooſt giue,
To that ſweet Maide in whoſe vnſpotted mindle,
Matildas rareſt vertues yet doe liue,
As two ſo like the world can hardly finde.
Fayre *Lucie* with *Matilda* but compare,
In all regards of perfect modeſtie,
And ſee how like in euery good they are,
And then thy choyce with iudgement ratifie.
And I who know the worth of thy fit choyce,
Approue it good, both with my pen and voyce.

Anonimos.

TEares in your eyes, and paſsions in your harts,
VVith mournfull grace youchſafe *Matildas* ſtory:
The ſubiect ſad, a King to act the parts
Of his owne ſhume, to others endleſſe glory.
But ſuch is ſinne, where lawleſſe luſt is raigning,
Sweet to the taſte, till all turnes to infection,
VVhen count is caſt, a reckoning is remaining,
VVhich muſt be payd, but not at our election.
Perrill and Greefe, the intereſt of Pleaſure,
Spending the ſtock that Danger long was gayning,
Makes ſoule and body banckrupt of that treaſure,
VVhich vainly ſpent, what helps our fond complayning?
O that my lines could ſo the Author grace,
As well his vertues merit prayſe and place.

R. L. Eſquire.

To *M. Drayton.*

I Like thy worke, and doe allow thy wit,
And prayſe thy choyce in patronizing it:
Yet more, that thou the honor dooſt impart,
To *Lucies* prayſe, a Mayd of ſuch deſart.
VVho for her rareſt vertues doth exceede,
Nor neuer age a better wit did breede.
A bleſſed Impe, ſprong from a noble race,
Admir'd for gyfts, and beautified with grace;
A Phenix deck, yet not with plumes of gold,
But with true Iemmes of heauens eternall mould.
Then happy man in thy *Matildas* fame,
Happy *Matilda* in rare *Lucies* name,
Deuiſe of wit, by Graces onely graced,
Adorned skill, in vertue highly placed,
Yet ſubiect, wit, and skill be all to fewe,
In chaſt *Matilda*, for rare *Lucies* due.

VV. G. Eſquire.

MATILDA.

IF to this time ſome ſacred Muſe retaine,
Thoſe choiſe regards by perfect vertue taught,
And in her chaſt and virgine-humble vaine,
Doth kindly cherriſh one pure Mayden thought,
In whom my death hath but true pitty wrought,
By her I craue my life may be reueald,
VVhich blacke obliuion hath too long conceald.

Or on the earth if mercy may be found,
Or if remorce may touch the harts of men,
Or eyes may lend me teares to waſh my wound,
Or paſsion be expreſt by mortall pen,
Yet may I hope of ſome compaſsion then:
Three hundreth yeeres by all men ouer paſt,
Now finding one to pittie mee at laſt.

You bleſſed Impes of heauenly chaſtitie,
You ſacred Veſtalls, Angels onely glory,
Right preſidents of imortalitie,
Onely to you I conſecrate my ſtorie.
It ſhall ſuffiſe for mee if you be ſorie.
If you alone ſhall deigne to grace his verſe,
VVhich ſerues for odours to perfume my hearſe.

Let your delicious heauen-diſtilling teares,
Soften the earth to ſend mee from her wombe,
VVith Conquerors Lawrell crowne my golden haires,
VVith flowry garlands beautifie my tombe,
Be you the Heralds to proclaime me roome,
VVith ſable Cypreſſe maske your louely eyes,
Mourning my death with dolefull Elegies.

Faire *Roſamond*, of all ſo highly graced,
Recorded in the laſting Booke of Fame,
And in our Sainted Legendarie placed,
By him who ſtriues to ſtellifie her name,
Yet will ſome Matrons ſay ſhe was to blame.
Though all the world bewitched with his ryme,
Yet all his skill cannot excuſe her cryme.

Lucrece, of whom proude Rome hath boaſted long,
Lately reuiu'd to liue another age,
And here ariu'd to tell of *Tarquins* wrong,
Her chaſt deniall, and the Tyrants rage,
Acting her paſsions on our ſtately ſtage.
She is remembred, all forgetting me,
Yet I as fayre and chaſt, as ere was ſhe.

Shores wife is in her wanton humor ſooth'd,
And modern Poets, ſtill applaud her praiſe,
Our famous *Elſtreds* wrinckled browes are ſmooth'd,
Call'd from her graue to ſee theſe latter daies,
And happy's hee, their glory high'ſt can raiſe.
"Thus looſer wantons, ſtill are praiſd of many,
"Vice oft findes friendes, but vertue ſeldome any.

O faire *Charites*, *Ioues* moſt deere delight,
O lend me now one heauen-inchanting lay,
And you rare Nimphes which pleaſe *Apollos* ſight,
Bring ſpreading Palme and neuer-dying Bay,
VVith Oliue branches ſtrew the pleaſant way:
And with your Viols ſound one pleaſing ſtraine,
To ayde his Muſe, and raiſe his humble vaine.

And thou ô *Beta*, Soueraigne of his thought,
Englands *Diana*, let him thinke on thee,
By thy perfections let his Muſe be taught,
And in his breaſt ſo deepe imprinted be,
That he may write of ſacred Chaſtitie:
Though not like *Gollin* in thy *Britomart*,
Yet loues aſmuch, although he wants his arte.

O my dread Soueraigne, rare and princely Mayd,
From whoſe pure eyes the world deriues her light,
In Angels robes with maieſtie arayd,
In whom true vertue is defin'd aright:
O let theſe lines be gracious in thy ſight,
In whom alone, as in a perfect glas,
All may diſcerne how chaſt *Matilda* was.

To brag of birth, or nobleſſe, were but vaine,
Although I might compare me with the beſt:
"To challenge that our Auncеſters did gaine,
"A royall minde ſuch follie doth deteſt,
VVhich I omit and here ſet downe myreſt:
"Of vertuous life I meane to boaſt alone,
"Our birth is theirs, our vertues are our owne.

"A

"A ſhame to fetch our long diſcent from Kings,
"And from great *Ione* deriue our pedigree,
"The braue atchiuements of a hundred things,
"Breathing vaine boaſtes the worlde to terrifie,
"If wee our ſelues doe blot with infamie,
"And ſtaine that blood and honor which is theirs:
"Men cannot leaue their vertues to their heyres.

The Heauen became a Midwife at my birth,
A kind *Lucina*, gently helping Nature:
Some ſacred power then preſent on the earth,
Fore-telling rare perfection in a creature,
As all men iudg'd by ſo diuine a feature:
Yet as my beautie ſeem'd to rauiſh all,
Vertue made beauty more angelicall.

Vpon my brow, ſate Honor in her pride,
Tables containing heauens diuineſt law,
VVhoſe ſnowie margent quoted on each ſide,
VVith ſuch delights as all mens harts coulde draw,
My thoughts (as Tutors) kept mine eyes in awe,
From their rare Sun-beames darting forth ſuch raies,
As well the worke might ſhew the Artſ-mans praiſe.

Theſe Cherubins, the Tree of life doe keepe,
Theſe Dragons, watch the faire *Heſperian* fruite,
Theſe fiery Serpents, guard the golden ſheepe,
Theſe fixed ſtars, their rayes like lightning ſhute,
At whoſe approch the wiſe were ſtriken mute.
Theſe eyes, which onely could true vertues meaſure,
Ordain'd by Nature to preſerue her treaſure.

My words were gracefull, pleaſing to the wiſe,
My ſpeech retayning modeſt decencie,
Not fondlie vaine, nor fooliſhlie precize,
But ſweetlie tun'd, with ſuch a ſimphony,
Mooving all hearers with the harmonie.
Gracing my tale with ſuch an Emphaſis,
As neuer Muſicke could delight like this.

My face the ſunne, adorning beauties sky,
The Booke where heauen her wonders did enrole,
A ſtately Pharus to each wandring eye,
And like a Syren could enchaunt the ſoule,
VVhich had the power the proudeſt to controle.
To whom this gift my Maker had aſsigned,
That there, all eyes like ſouthſayers diuined.

Natures

Natures fayre Enſigne, roiallie diſplai'd,
Map of *Eliſium*, *Eden* without night,
Ermins wherein rich *Phœbus* is arai'd,
Right proſpectiue, reflecting heauenly light,
Hart-wounding arrow, pearcing with the ſight.
Bright mornings luſtre, *Ioues* high exaltation,
Load-ſtarre of loue, rare Carde of admiration.

True type of honor, fine dilicious varry,
The richeſt coate that euer beautie bare,
Pure colours, which the heauens doe onlie carry,
O vncouth blazon, ſo exceeding rare,
O curious lymming, paſsing all compare,
Firſt at my birth aſsigned vnto mee,
By that great King of heauenly Heraldrie.

From hence my praiſe began to proue her wing,
VVhich to the heauen could carry vp my fame,
Of all my glorie now began the ſpring,
Through euery Coaſt this ſtill enlarg'd my name,
From hence the cauſe of all my ſorrowes came:
"Thus to this Hydra are we ſubiect ſtill,
"VVho dares to ſpeake, not caring good or ill.

This

This iealous Monſter hath a thouſand eyes,
Her ayrie body hath as many wings:
Now on the earth, then vp to heauen ſhe flies,
And heere and there with euery wind ſhe flings,
From euery Coaſt her rumors foorth ſhee brings;
Nothing ſo ſecret but to her appeareth,
And apt to credit euery thing ſhee heareth.

Foule blabbing tel-tale, ſecrets ſoone bewrayer,
Thou ayre-bred Eccho, whiſperer of lyes:
Shril-ſounding trumpet, trueths vnkind betrayer,
Falſe larum-bel, awaking dead-mens eyes,
Vncertaine rumor, wandring in the skyes:
Fond pratling Parrat, telling all thou heareſt,
Oft furtheſt of when as thou ſhould'ſt be neareſt.

"The Princes eares are open to report,
"Ther's skill in blazing beauty to a King;
"To cenſure, is the ſubiect of the Court,
"Frō thence Fame carries, thether Fame doth bring,
"There, to each word a thouſand ecchos ring:
"A Lottery, where moſt looſe, but few doe win,
"Few loue Religion, many follow ſin.

Loe

Loe, heere at firſt my beauty plaid her prize,
Heere where my vertues ſeldome prized be,
Yet that which moſt ſeem'd wondred of the wiſe,
Confin'd by vertue, cleereſie made me ſee,
VVhat dangers were attending ſtill on me:
VVhich moſt deſir'd, for why eſteem'd moſt rare,
Gaurded I kept with moſt eſpeciall care.

This, whole poſſeſt the thoughts of princelie *Iohn*,
This, on his hart-ſtrings Angels muſick made,
This, was the ſubiect which he wrought vpon,
That deepe impreſsion which could neuer fade,
Reaſon which might ſufficiently perſwade:
Hence ſprong that greefe, which neuer gaue him reſt,
This was the ſpirit wher-with hee was poſſeſt.

This, had commiſsion to commaund his Crowne,
In all his courſe, conducted by this ſtarre,
This, with a ſmile could cleere each cloudie frowne,
This, conquered him, which conquered all in warre,
This, calm'd his thoughts in euery bloody iarre,
This, taught his eyes their due attendance ſtill,
This, held the raines which rul'd his princely will.

Controuling Loue, proud Fortunes buſſie Factor,
The gaule of wit, ſad Melancholies ſchoole,
Hart-killing corſiue, golden times detractor,
Life-fretting canker, miſchiefes poyſoned toole,
The Ideots idoll, but the wiſe mans foole:
A foe to friendſhip, enemie to trueth,
The wrong miſleader of our pleaſing youth.

My vertuous father, famous then in Court,
VVho liu'd in pompe, and Lorded with the beſt,
VVhoſe minde was troubled with this ſtrange report,
As one enſhrining honor in his breſt,
And as a man who euer lou'd me beſt:
Fore-ſaw the danger of ſuch ſecret ſpyes,
VVho ſtill attended on the Princes eyes.

And he, who in the Kings own boſome ſlept,
Experience taught his deepeſt thoughts to ſound,
Yet in his breſt, the ſame he ſecret kept,
Nor would diſcloſe the thing which he had found,
VVho being hurt muſt needs conceale his wound.
"For why he knew, it was a dangerous thing,
"In rule, or Loue, but once to croſſe a King.

And

And finding luſt had kindled all this fire,
And his affections in extreames conſiſted,
He greatly fear'd his youthfull vaine deſire,
Might grow impatient, being once reſiſted:
Yet in his humor, ſith he ſtill perſiſted,
VVith me his childe, thought fitteſt to perſwade,
Ere further he into the deepe durſt wade.

Sweete gyrle (quoth he) the glory of my life,
The bleſſed and ſole obiect of mine eyes,
For whom the Heauens with Nature fell at ſtriſe,
On whom the hope of all my fortune lies,
VVhoſe youth, my age with comfort ſtill ſupplies.
VVhoſe very ſight my drouping hart doth raiſe,
And doth prolong thy aged fathers dayes.

Thou ſeeſt, a world vpon thy youth awaite,
That Paradice, where all delightes do growe,
Thy peerleſſe Beautie made ſo faire a baite,
The Burſſe where Nature ſets her ware to ſhow,
VVhere bluſhing Roſes, ſleepe in beds of ſnowe.
The heauẽs haue ſtring'd thy fore-head with their gold;
That glaſſe where heauen her-ſelfe may well behold.

"All gaze at Comets, choyſeſt things be beſt,
"The rareſt pearles are euer deareſt prized,
"Seldom wants gueſts, where Beautie bids the feaſt,
"Mens eyes with wonders neuer are ſuffiſed,
"At faireſt ſignes, beſt welcome is ſurmiſed.
"The ſhrine of Loue, doth ſeldom offrings want.
"Nor with ſuch counſel, Clyents neuer ſcant.

"Honor is grounded on the tickle Ice,
"The pureſt Lawne, moſt apt for euery ſpot,
"The path to hell, doth ſeeme a paradice,
"Vices be noted, verues oft forgot,
"Thy fame once foild, incurable the blot.
"Thy name defac'd, if toucht with any ſtaine,
"And once ſupplanted, neuer growes againe.

"The Lechors tongue is neuer voyd of guile,
"Nor Crocodile wants teares to win his pray,
"The ſubtil'ſt Temptor hath the ſweeteſt ſtile,
"VVith rareſt muſick Syrens ſoon'ſt betray.
"Affection, will like fire himſelfe bewray.
"Time offers ſtill each howre to do amiſſe,
"And greateſt dangers, promiſe greateſt bliſſe.

"Deceit

"Deceit, ſtill with a thouſand ſleights is fraught,
"Art, hath a world of ſecrets in her power,
"VVho hopes a Conqueſt, leaues no meanes vnſought,
"Soft golden drops once peirc'd the brazen tower,
"Care and Suſpition is faire Beauties dower.
"Guile, (like a Traytor) euer goes diſguis'd,
"Luſt, oft is fild, but neuer is ſuffic'd.

This wanton Prince, whoſe ſoule doth ſwim in vice,
VVhoſe lawleſſe youth time neuer hath reſtrained,
He leaues no meanes vnprou'd, which may entice,
The ryres of wedlock wantonly profained;
His hands with blood of innocents diſtained.
This Lyon, would thy chaſtity deuoure,
VVhich kept by Vertue, lyes not in his power.

"Laciuious will, the ſences doth abuſe,
"Birth is no ſhaddow vnto tyranny,
"No ſcepter ſerues diſhonor to excuſe,
"Nor kinglie vaile can couer villanie,
"Fame is not ſubiect to authoritie.
"No plaiſter heales a deadly poyſoned ſore,
"No ſecret hid, where ſlaunder keepes the dore.

"No ſubtile plea reuokes diſhonors error,
"No law can quite, where Fame is once endited,
"No armour proofe againſt the conſcience terror,
"Gainſt open ſhame, no Text can well be cyted,
"The blow once giuen, cannot be euited.
"If once the fire be to the powder got,
"Tis then too late to ſeeke to flie the ſhot.

"His youthfull loue, is like a ſudden fire,
"VVhoſe heate extreame, of force decay it muſt,
"The cauſe, proceeding from his lewd deſire,
"Is quickly out, and ſooner turn'd to duſt,
"Yet frets the life, as iron frets with ruſt.
"Sinne in a chaine, leads on her ſiſter Shame,
"And both in Giues, faſt fettered to Defame.

"The ſtately Eagle on his pitch doth ſtand,
"And from the maine the fearfull foule doth ſmite,
"Yet ſcornes to touch it lying on the land,
"VVhen he hath felt the ſweet of his delight,
"But leaues the ſame a pray to euery Kite.
"VVith much we ſurfet, plenty makes vs poore,
"The wretched *Indian* ſpurns the golden Ore.

Kinges

"Kinges vſe their Loues, as garments they haue worne,
"VVeake ſtomackes loath, if once but fully fed,
"The Saint once ſtolne, who doth the ſhrine adorne?
"Or what is Nectar if it once be ſhed?
"VVhat Princes wealth can prize thy Maiden-head?
"VVhich ſhould be held as precious as thy breath,
"VVhich once diſſolu'd of force enſueth death.

Loe, heere he makes a period with his teares,
VVhich from his eyes now make a ſudden breache,
By which the weight of all his ſpeech appeares,
In words ſo graue as ſeemed ſtill to preach,
This *Idioma* with ſuch power doth teach.
VVhoſe tuned cadence doth ſuch rules impart,
As deepely fixt each ſentence in my hart.

O ſacred counſell, true hart-ſuppling balme,
Soule-curing plaiſter, time preſeruing bliſſe,
VVater of life in euery ſuddaine qualme,
The heauens rich ſtore-houſe, where all treaſure is,
True guide, by whom foule Errors den we miſſe.
Night-burning Beacon, watch againſt miſhaps,
Fore-ſight, auoyding many after claps.

The King deluded in his loue the while,
His ſoule tormented in this quenchleſſe fire,
VVith flattering hope his ſences doth beguile,
Quickning the coales vnto his fond deſire;
Affection growne too head-ſtrong to retire,
Controules his ſilence, hating to be mute,
And ſtill doth vrge him to commence his ſute.

Thus carried on by his vnbridled thought,
He leaues no baite vnprou'd that might allure,
"Deceit, a ſchoole of common ſleights hath taught,
"Deſire, hath philters which deſires procure,
"Luſt, puts the moſt vnlawfull things in vre:
"Nor yet in limmets euer could be bounded,
"Till he himſelfe, himſelfe hath quite confounded.

But ſtill perceiuing all deuices faile,
His traines in Court yet neuer tooke effect,
Now with his tongue determin'd to aſſaile,
And to this end doth all his thoughs direct,
Too much abuſed by his vaine ſuſpect:
To further daies, no longer would be poſted,
But finding time, me brauely thus accoſted.

Goddeſſe

Goddeſſe (quoth he) when Nature thee engrayned,
VVith colours fetcht from heauens eternall ſpring,
Little thought ſhee, herſelfe ſhee could haue ſtayned.
Or grace the world with ſo diuine a thing.
But as a gifte to gratifie a King,
Seal'd thee this Charter, dated at thy birth,
To be the fair'ſt that euer liu'd on earth.

Locke not thy treaſure, heauen doth giue the ſtore,
A thouſand Graces at thine eyes are fed,
Thy boſome, is the Angels ſecret dore,
Thy breaſt, the pillowes of faire *Venus* bed:
Regardes of honour on thy browes are red.
Thy cheeks, the banquet where ſweet Loue doth feaſt,
The royall Pawne of Beauties intereſt.

Thy lyps, the Bath where ſorrows wounds are healed,
VVhere Abſtinence keepes Vertue in a diet,
And in thy wit, all wonders are reuealed,
VViſedom growne welthy, liueth there at quiet:
Thy modeſt eye controules Loues wanton ryot.
Thine eye, that planet clearer then the ſeauen,
VVhoſe radient ſplendour lights the world to heauen.

From thy ſweet lookes ſuch ſtreames of lightning glide,
As through the eyes do wound the very hart,
Killing, and curing, as they are applide,
Hurting, and healing, like *Achilles* Dart:
VVhich to the world do heauenly things impart.
And thou alone, the ſpirit of all delight,
VVhich like the ſun, ioy'ſt all things with thy ſight.

Could heauen allowe wher-with to lim thee forth,
Or earth afford things of eſteeme to praiſe thee,
VVere words ſufficient to expreſſe thy worth,
Or could inuention to thy glory raiſe thee,
Could Art deuiſe a weight whereby to paize thee:
But thy ſurpaſsing excellence is ſuch,
As eyes may gaze, but nothing els may tuch.

Hee is thy King, who is becom thy ſubiect,
Thy ſoueraigne Lord, who onely ſeekes thy loue,
Thy beauty is his eyes commaunding obiect,
VVho for thy ſake, a thouſand deathes would proue:
Sweet Maid let prayers, ſome compaſsion moue.
Let VVolues, and Beares, be cruell in their kinds,
But women meeke, and haue relenting minds.

Loue

Loue forc'd the Gods, to things for Gods vnmeet,
Behold a Monarch kneeling to a maide,
Apollo, proſtrate at his *Daphnes* feete,
Great *Atlas* bowes, on whom the heauen is ſtaide;
Thy *Ioue* his Scepter on thy lap hath laide,
Thou in his throne doeſt ſit as Chancellor,
And hee become thy daylie Orator.

Looke on theſe browes, the perfect Map of care,
The trueſt mirrour of my miſerie,
In wrinckled lines where ſorrowes written are,
VVhere Time ſtill reades on Loues Anotomy,
My bloodleſſe vaines with greefes Phlebotomy:
A ſtanchleſſe hart, dead-wounded, euer bleeding,
On whom that nere-fild vulture Loue ſits feeding.

Pitty this ſoule-euaporating ſmoke,
The pureſt incenſe of moſt perfect zeale,
Theſe deep-fetcht ſighes, cõfounding words halfe ſpoke,
VVhere ſwoln-ey'd paſsion doth herſelfe reueale:
That ragefull fier, no reaſon can conceale.
VVhere torments laſt, and ioyes are ſtill diluded,
VVhere all infernall torture is included.

Behold, the brim-full Ceſterns of theſe eyes,
VVith ſurging Tydes of brackiſt teares frequented,
VVhere foodleſſe Hope, ſtill hunger-ſtaruen lies,
In burning Pooles eternally tormented:
VVhich to betray, my hart at firſt conſented.
VVhere as the ſpirit of woe, hath euer being,
Blinded in teares, yet in teares only ſeeing.

Shyne thou, like *Cynthia* vnder mine eſtate,
Thy treſſes deckt with *Ariadnes* Crowne,
In pompe redubbling coſtly *Iunos* rate,
And cloud the world in ſable with a frowne:
Aduance thy friends, and throw the mighty downe.
Be thou admir'd through all this famous Ile,
Thy name enrol'd with neuer-dated ſtile.

Great troupes of Ladies ſhall attend my Gerle,
Thou on thy braue tryumphing Chariot borne,
Thy drinke ſhall be diſſolued orient Pearle,
Thy princely Cup of rareſt Vnicorne:
Then liue at eaſe, and laugh the world to ſcorne.
And if our muſick cannot like thine eares,
Thy *Ioue* ſhall fetch thee muſick from the Spheres.

Thy

Thy name, as my Empreza will I beare,
My well tun'd rymes, ſhall glory in thy praiſe,
Vpon my Crowne, thy fauors will I weare,
Figuring thy loue a thouſand ſundry wayes:
My power ſhall be thy ſhield at all aſſaies.
And thou my Saint, Kings offering to thy ſhrine,
VVondring thy beautie, as a thing diuine.

VVhat if my Queene, Detractor of our bliſſe,
Thee by her hundreth-eyed Heardſman keepe,
Ile bring to paſſe, ſhee ſhall her purpoſe miſſe,
My *Mercurie* ſhall lull him till he ſleepe;
"Loue euer laughs, when Ielouſie dooth weepe.
"My prouidence, ſhall keepe her ſtomacke vnder,
"She may raiſe ſtormes, but *Ioue* doth rule the thũder.

Thus hauing broke the Ice from whence might ſpring,
Sweet ſtreames of loue in calme and fairer time,
And afterward, might ioyfull tydings bring,
The ſtaire begun by which he thought to clyme,
Hoping due howres, now he had ſet the chyme;
Leaues me, not knowing now which way to turne me,
vvarm'd with the fire, which vnawars might burne me.

Forth-with began ſtrange factions in my thought,
And in my ſoule a ſudden mutinie,
Feare and Deſire, a doubtfull combat fought,
The tytle ſtands vpon extremity:
My force was great, and ſtrong mine enemie;
Till Reſolution, ſeeing all begun,
Sent Succors in, by whom the field was won.

As thus mine honour in the Ballance hung,
Betwixt the worlds preferment and my fame,
Theſe in myne eares, like Syrens ſweetly ſung,
That wiſely ſtill fore-warned me of ſhame:
Till Grace diuine from higheſt heauen came.
Now muſt I looſe the prize, or win the Crowne,
Till Vertue (currant) laſtly way'd mee downe.

The time is come I muſt receiue my tryall,
His proteſtations ſubtilly accuſe mee,
My Chaſtitie ſticks ſtill to her deniall,
His promiſes falſe witnes do abuſe me,
My Conſcience cald, yet cleerly doth excuſe me.
And thoſe pure thoughts, enſhrined in my breſt,
By verdict quit mee, being on the Queſt.

And VViſedom now fore-warned mee of treaſon,
That in the Court, I liu'd a Lyons pray,
My tender youth in this contagious ſeaſon,
Still fear'd infection, following day by day:
My Barck vnſafe on this tempeſtious Sea.
My Chaſtity in danger euery hower,
No ſuccour neer to ſhroud me from the ſhower.

VVith Reſolution, hap what might be-tide,
I leaue the Court, the Spring of all my woe,
That Court, which gloried in my Beauties pride,
That Beauty, which my Fortune made my foe,
To *Baynards-Caſtell* ſecretly I goe.
VVhere, with his trayne, my noble Father lay,
VVhoſe gracious counſell was my onely ſtay.

There, might my thoughts keepe holy-day a while,
And ſing a farewell to my ſorrowes paſt,
VVith all delights I might the time beguile,
Attayn'd my wiſhed liberty at laſt,
No fearfull viſion made mee now agaſt.
But like a Birde eſcapt her Keepers charge,
Glydes through the ayre with wings diſplay'd at large.

And

And hoping health thus cured of theſe qualmes,
My hart in this fayre harbour rides at eaſe,
The tempeſt paſt, expecting quiet calmes,
My Shyp thus floting on theſe blisfull Seas,
A ſudden ſtorme my Ankor-hold doth raiſe:
And from the ſhore doth hoyſe me to the maine,
VVhere I (poore ſoule) my ſhipwrack muſt ſuſtaine.

And loe, the Autumne of my ioyes approch,
VVhilſt yet my ſpring began ſo faire to flouriſh,
Black way-ward VVinter, ſets her ſtormes abroch,
And kils the ſap which all my hopes did nouriſh.
Fortune once kind, growes crabbed now and curriſh.
In my ſtraight path, ſhe layes a mighty beame.
And in my courſe, ſhe thwarts me with the ſtreame.

The King who ſaw his loue vnkindly croſt,
And by effect the cauſe had fully found,
Since he the harueſt of his hope had loſt,
Now on reuenge his deepeſt thoughts doth ground:
Deſperate to kill, receiuing his deaths wound.
In reaſons bounds ſtriues but in vaine to hold,
Head-ſtrong deſire, too proud to be controld.

Like

Like the braue Courſer ſtrugling with the raines,
His foming mouth controld with Canons check,
VVith lofty bounds his skilfull Ryder ſtraines,
Scorning to yeeld his ſtately creſted neck:
Nor of the bloody pearcing ſpurres doth reck.
The King now warmed in this glorious fire,
Thus roughly plungeth in his vaine deſire.

Hence-forth deuiſing to diſperſe the Cloude,
VVhich euer hung betwixt him and the light:
His loue not currant, nor to be allow'd,
VVhilſt thus my Father held mee in his ſight,
Some-thing amiſſe, his VVatch went neuer right.
Of force hee muſt this Sentinell remoue,
If hee in time would hope to win my loue.

Ten thouſand miſchiefes now hee ſets abroch,
Treaſons, inuaſions, ciuill mutinie,
Black ignominie, ſlaunderous reproch,
Rebellion, out-rage, vile conſpiracie,
Opening the intralls of all villanie.
Cauſing my Lord, thereof to be accuſed,
By Traytors, ſuch as hee with gyſts abuſed.

Foule Enuie thou, the partiall Iudge of right,
Sonne of Deceit, borne of that harlot Hate,
Nurſed in Hell, a vile and vglie ſpright,
Feeding on Slaunder, cherriſh'd with Debate:
Neuer contented with thine owne eſtate.
Deeming alike the wicked and the good,
VVhoſe words be gall, whoſe actions end in blood.

His ſeruice done to this vngratefull King,
His worth, his valure, his gentilitie:
VVhat good ſo-euer might from vertue ſpring,
Or could proceede from true Nobilitie,
All buried now in darke obſcuritie.
His vertuous life, in doubtfull queſtion brought,
VVhich euer-more for fame and honour ſought.

Thou hatefull Monſter, baſe Ingratitude,
Soules mortall poyſon, deadly-killing wound,
Deceitfull Serpent, ſeeking to diſude,
Black lothſome ditch, where all deſert is drownd,
Vile Peſtilence, which all things dooſt confound;
"At firſt created to none other end,
"But to greeue thoſe whom nothing could offend.

Such

Such as too well perceiu'd the Kings intent,
In whom remayn'd yet any ſparke of grace,
Pittying a poore diſtreſſed innocent,
Their ſafety ſtill depending on my caſe,
Theſe in my wrongs participate a place.
Theſe, bound in friendſhip, and alied in blood,
Faſt to my Father in the quarrell ſtood.

But as a Lyon in the wildes of *Thrace*,
VVith darts and arrowes gauled at the bay,
Kills man and beaſt incountring in the Chaſe,
And downe on heapes, the fearfull Heards doth lay,
His armed pawes each where doth make his way:
Thus by his power, the King doth now ſurpriſe,
Such as in armes reſiſt his tyrannies.

And giuen ouer to his vile deſire,
The ſpectakle of lothſome ſinne and ſhame,
Our ſtrong-built Caſtels now hee ſets on fire,
And (like proude *Nero*) warmes him by the flame.
VVaſting themſelues, augmenting his defame.
VVhich like bright Beacons, blaze in euery eye,
VVarning all other of his tyrannie.

Our friends and followers thus are beaten downe,
VVhom euery ſlaue and peſant dare reuile,
And all reputed Traytors to the Crowne,
Impriſoned ſome, ſome forc'd into exile;
Yet worſt of all, (remedileſſe the while,)
My Father ſent a baniſh'd man to *Fraunce*,
And heere perforce muſt leaue mee to my chaunce.

On ſhyp-bord now, with hands rear'd to the skyes,
(All ſigh'd and wept, could ſigh nor weepe no more,)
Hee turnes his ſad eclipſed tearefull eyes,
As retrograde vnto the bleſſed ſhore;
Rich Ile (quoth hee,) once Garner of my ſtore,
Taken from mee by yonder Tyrants theft,
And I as poore as ere was *Irus* left.

Tis not my wealth, that, I eſteeme as light,
Nor yet my Country, though ſo deere to mee,
But thou alone *Matilda*, my delight,
My lyfe, my ſoule, all my felicity,
Left as a pray, vile Monſter vnto thee.
Yet my laments are waſted all in vaine,
And to theſe windes and billowes muſt complaine.

But

But now the VVolfe is got into my fold,
God help the Lambe that's in the Lyons power;
Alas poore Maid, thus art thou bought and ſold,
Prepared for the ſlaughter euery howre,
This Minataure muſt all my hopes deuoure.
Yet forc'd by Fortune to endure this woe,
And vnreueng'd vnto my graue ſhall goe.

VVithin the furrowes of my aged browes,
My ioyes muſt their vntimely buriall haue,
This fatall Tombe proude Fortune them alowes,
VVhich thus with-holds mee from my wiſhed graue.
The heauens are deafe although I iuſtly craue.
My teares with greefe are frozen in mine eyes,
Yet God, nor man, regards my miſeries.

Thrice famous *Romaine*, (fortunate to mee,)
By whoſe owne hands thy deereſt child was ſlaine,
Deliuer'd ſo from ſlauiſh tyrannie,
But lyuing, mine diſhonor'd ſhall remaine,
Blotting my Name with an immortall ſtaine;
VVhoſe black reproch, for euer ſhall endure.
"Ah vile diſeaſe that neuer tyme can cure.

Euen as the kinde sleep-breaking Nightingale,
(The cruell Merlin ceaz'd her little one,)
Vnto the Thickets tells a wofull tale,
VVearying the woods with her continuall mone.
Thys poore Byrd chirpeth, hee poore Lord doth grone.
Shee weepes all night, by day complaineth hee,
Shee for her young one, hee laments for mee.

Looke how the Sea, the Tyde once beeing paſt,
VVhoſe ſurges ſtroue the continent to climbe,
And bounding backe vnto the Gulfe at laſt,
Vpon the Sands doth leaue a clammie ſlime,
Teares in his cheekes, ſuch gutters worne in time.
VVaſh'd with the floods of his ſtil-troubled braine,
His eyes brim-full, as furrowes after raine.

And thus my Father vnawares betray'd,
A thouſand ſorrowes mee at once aſſaile;
VVhat might I doe, a ſilly helpleſſe mayde,
Toſt and turmoyl'd in this tempeſtious gale?
Theſe boyſterous flawes haue broken down my ſaile.
My ſuccors thus (like ſhadowes) now are gone,
Not one remaines to whom to make my mone.

Now

Now, like a Roe, before the hounds imboſt,
VVhen ouer-toyl'd his ſwiftnes doth aſſake,
Forſakes the Plaines, to which hee truſted moſt,
And to the couert doth himſelfe betake,
VVhere dubbling ſtill, creepes on from brake to brake;
Thus doe I flie before the Princes face,
VVho day and night purſues mee ſtill in chaſe.

The Coaſt is cleere, ſuſpitious eyes at reſt,
And all things fadge which further his deſire:
Now royall hope keepes reuels in his breſt,
The coales are quick, and Fancie blowes the fire:
His loue expects his long deſerued hire.
No clowde diſcern'd to hinder this his ſumme,
The watch diſcharg'd, he hopes the towne is wonne.

"The Princes armes are ſtrecht from ſhore to ſhore,
"Kings ſleeping, ſee with eyes of other men,
"Craft findes a key to open euery dore,
VVhat might I doe, or what auailes mee then?
The ſilly Lambe liues in the Lyons den.
Loues wakefull eyes (too ſoone alas) diſcry'd mee,
And found mee, where I ſureſt thought to hide mee.

My

My *Ioue*, like *Ioue* now seekes mee to inuade,
And roysting comes, in thunder-bolts and rayne,
A Beast, a Bird, a Satyre in the shade,
A flood, a fire, a Serpent and a Swaine,
Camelion-like, as fits my hope to gaine.
Now like great *Phœbus* in his golden Carre,
And then like *Mars*, the fearefull God of warre.

Hee makes the Ayre to wooe me whilst I talk,
The VVind to whiffle many a pleasant Dittie,
The dainty Grasse make musick as I walk,
The prettie Flowers to moue me still to pitty:
All senceleſſe things with reason seeming wittie.
Before mine eyes hee euer doth appeare,
And if I call, still answers, I am heere.

My steppes are told, my pathes by Spyes are noted,
Mine eyes by Night-spells shut within the watch,
My words are wayd by ielous Louer that doted,
And at my thoughts, Ill-meaning still doth catch:
Into my counselles Treason drawes the latch.
And at my gates, Suspition still doth ward,
Sorrow my hand-maid, Falsehood on my gard.

Hee

He weepes his words, but words could win no teares,
''The raine doth ceaſe or ere the Floods do riſe,
His wofull words his tongue awhile forbeares.
Then doth he, his harts arrant with his eyes:
His eyes ecclipz'd, he then with ſighes ſupplies.
Sighes faile, with ſmiles he then bewrayes his paine,
Smiling, he weepes, yet weeping, laughes againe.

Looke how the Peacock ruffes his flaunting tayle,
And ſtruts vnder his mooned Canapie,
And how hee quiuers with his plumed ſayle;
Yet when his Lead-pale legs hee haps to ſee,
VVith ſhame abates his painted iolitie.
The King, as proude as Peacock in my loue,
Yet droupes again, whē words nor teares could moue.

My breaſt, of Flint, a rock impenitrable,
My hart, that ſtone which neuer toole could perce,
My thoughts, a center, and vnſearchable,
My words, iudgement, which Law could not reuerſe,
My frownes, ſuch clowdes, as no ioy could diſperſe,
''Tygars are tam'd with patience and with skill,
''All things made ſubiect, but a womans will.

The King like one ſick of a ſtrange diſeaſe,
VVhoſe cruell paine no phiſick can aſſwage,
Nor plaſter can his torments once appeaſe,
Boyling his intrales, with ſuch helliſh rage,
VVith his owne knife his horror doth engage.
Thus deſperate, he, fore-thinks to end this ſtrife,
Or elſe by poyſon take away my life

But firſt, with lines hee brauely ſitteth on,
VVords ſteep'd in ſyrop of Ambroſia,
Sweet method, ſauored with inuention,
"VVhat can be ſaid that Louers cannot ſay?
"Deſire can make a Doctor in a day.
Each ſentence ſeem'd a ſweet inchannting charme,
A Trumpet ſounding gentle Loues alarme.

VVith rare hart-curing *Phrigian* harmonie,
He tunes his ſtrings, as not a trebble iarres,
His ſtraines ſo pleaſant and melodious bee,
As might appeaſe the heat of fearefull warres:
Diſtilling balme to cure the deepeſt ſcarres
His pen, dilates his hartes Apologie,
And ſhewes my ſinnes, by loues Theologie.

VVhat

VVhat curious thing did Nature ere bring forth,
VVhat gliſtering ſtarre that yeelds his ſiluer ſhine,
To which hee doth not now compare my worth?
Or what is there, that's mortall or diuine?
VVhat ſublimation doth not refine?
Or what rare thing was euer yet deuiſed,
That vnto mee, hee hath not lightly prized?

Now mounts hee vp with loftie ſtraines of loue,
Then to ſad vaines his pliant Muſe doth bow,
His humors ſeruing, as his paſsions moue:
And as the Tydes, the numbers ebbe and flow;
His hopes now wither, then againe they grow.
Painting his greefe, in hope to quench deſire,
"But inck to loue, like oyle vnto the fire.

And now of one hee had himſelfe aduis'd,
Both red and practiz'd in thys wretched Arte,
VVithin whoſe braine all miſchiefes were compris'd,
VVhoſe words were venom, and his tongue a Darte:
And this is hee muſt acte this damned part.
To him the King, my poyſoning doth commit,
VVho had before made tryall of his wit.

Another *Dagon*, was this miſcreant,
A diuell, walking in a humaine ſhape,
Foule *Dagon*, borne true vertue to ſupplant,
For whom th'infernall pit of Hell doth gape:
Image of pride, of villany and rape,
Be thou abhord of all poſteritie,
And let thy vile diſhonor neuer dye.

By him to *Dunmow*, hee theſe lines conuayde,
A Moneſtarie *Iuga* had begunne,
Iuga, ſometime a holie Veſtall mayde,
At whoſe great charge this Monument was donne,
VVhere I had vow'd to liue a holie Nunne.
And in my Cloyſter, kept amongſt the reſt,
VVhich in this place virginitie profeſt.

Now he which had this bloody acte in charge,
Thether repaires, with letters from the King,
VVhoſe black Commiſsion was but all too large,
To execute ſo baſe and vile a thing:
This meſſenger which now my death doth bring,
To adde fit matter to my tragike ſtorie,
Finds meanes to boord mee in my oratorie.

VVith

VVith courtly congies gently greeting mee,
Giues mee the packet which the King had ſent mee,
Receiue fayre Maide, theſe Letters heere (quoth hee,)
The faithfull earneſt of that good is meant thee:
But crauing that which neuer ſhall repent thee.
His lines be loue, the Letters writ in blood,
Then make no doubt the warrant paſsing good.

Kindly accept a Princes kingly offer,
Tis more then follie if thou doe refuſe it:
Neuer hath Fortune made a fairer profer,
The gyft too great, if fondly thou abuſe it,
Nor any reaſon ſerueth to excuſe it.
Be not a foe vnto thine owne good hap,
Refuſing treaſure throwne into thy lap.

"If thou be wiſe, hold this as ominus,
"The heauens not like diſpoſed euery hower:
"The ſtarres be ſtill predominant in vs,
"Fortune not alwaies forth her bags doth poure,
"Nor euery clowde doth raine a golden ſhower.
"Occaſion's wing'd, and euer flyeth faſt,
"Comming, ſhee ſmyles, & frownes once being paſt.

VVrong not thy ſelfe, nor yet the worlde depriue,
Of that rare good which Nature freely lent,
Think'ſt thou by ſuch baſe nygardize to thriue,
In ſparing that which neuer will be ſpent?
And that is worſt, in age ſhall thee repent.
Playing the Churle, to hoord vp Beauties pelfe,
And liue, and dye, and all vnto thy ſelfe.

Yet, were this all (quoth hee,) as would it were,
But there is more, which needes I muſt reueale:
Behold the poyſon he hath ſent thee here,
VVhich on my life I dare not to conceale,
Thus is the King determined to deale.
I, onely waite vpon thy reſolution,
To win thy loue, or ſee thy execution.

Leaue off theſe humors, be not ſinguler,
Make not an Idoll of thine owne perfection,
Prize not this word (*Virginitie*) ſo deere,
Seeme not ſo Saint-like, moou'd with no affection.
"Beautie brings perrill, wanting ſafe protection.
Forſweare this drouſie melancholie Cell,
VVas neuer Gerle could grace a Court ſo well.

This

This feare firſt ſprong from fooliſh ſuperſtition,
VVhich fond conceit into our eares hath blowne,
VVhich wee receiue from old folkes by tradition,
And as a weede to choke our ioyes is growne:
Reaſon rootes out what Error erſt hath ſowne.
A gentle ieſt to fright poore babes withall,
Like to a Bug-beare, painted on a wall.

Tuſh, theſe be triuiall toyes of reputation,
VVhoſe Ceremonies haue the world infected,
Held in regard but onely for a faſhion,
VVhich friuolous, the wiſer haue neglected:
And but as Dreames of doting age reſpected.
VVhoſe ſpleen-ſick humors on their galls were fed,
Thinking all true which they imagined.

Diſpatch, (quoth hee) loe, heere is pen and inck,
Heere make the Prince aſſurance of thy loue,
Or els prepare thee to thy fatall drinke,
VVhich is of force thy Feuer to remoue:
VVhich (ah pore fondling) thou too ſoone maiſt proue.
And if thy will be ſo faſt chayn'd to thee,
Let thine own hands the Executioners bee.

And is (quoth I) the Princes pleaſure thus?
You are deceiu'd, hee doth but this to try mee,
I know my Lord is kinde and gracious,
Hee thinks my ſexe & weaknes will diſcry mee;
I hope the King will deale more kindly by mee.
Thoſe bleſſed hands, which neuer did but good,
VVill not be ſtain'd with virgins guiltleſſe blood.

His thoughts be pure, as Chriſtall, without ſpot,
Hee is wiſdom, honour, valure, chaſtitie:
VVhat excellence is there that hee is not?
Or what may be, by him which cannot be?
Hee's Vertues right ſuperlatiue degree.
From his affections, neuer ſhall proceede,
One little thought of this ſo vile a deede.

"Kings be the Gods Vizegerents heere on earth,
"The Gods haue power, Kings from that power haue (might,
"Kings ſhould excell in vertue as in birth,
"Gods puniſh wrongs, & Kings ſhold maintaine right,
"They be the Sunnes from which we borrow light.
"And they as Kings, ſhould ſtill in iuſtice ſtriue,
"VVith Gods, from whō their beings they deriue.

Inrag'd

Inrag'd with this, (in greefes extremitie,)
Minion, (quoth hee,) tis now no time to prate,
Diſpatch, or els Ile drench you preſently,
Of this, nor that, I ſtand not to debate.
Expects thou loue where thou reward'ſt with hate?
I paſſe not I, how ere thou like the motion,
Haue done at once, and quickly take the Potion.

This ſudden terror makes mee pauſe for breath,
Till ſighing out at length this ſad reply:
If it be ſo, welcom to mee my death,
This is the vtmoſt of extremitie,
And yet when all is done, I can but die,
His will be done, ſith hee will haue it ſo,
And welcome Death, the end of all my woe.

And thou my Deaths-man, ſlaue vnto his luſt,
Th'executioner of his lawleſſe will,
In whom the Tyrant doth repoſe ſuch truſt,
Detract no time, his murthering minde fulfill;
Doe what thou dar'ſt, the worſt thou canſt but kill.
And tell the Tyrant this when I am dead,
I loath'd his beaſtly and adulterous bed.

Nor let the King thy Maiſter euer thinke,
A vertuous Maid ſo cowardly and baſe,
As to be frighted with a poyſoned drinke,
And liue an abiect in the worlds diſgrace?
All eyes with ſhame to gaze mee in the face.
That ages which heer-after ſhall ſucceede,
Shall hold mee hateſull for ſo vile a deede.

Is this the greateſt gyft he could beſtowe?
Is this the Iewell, wher-with hee doth preſent mee?
I am his friend, what giues hee to his foe,
If this in token of his loue be ſent mee?
Remedileſſe I am, it muſt content mee.
Yet afterward, a prouerbe this ſhall proue,
The gift King Iohn *beſtow'd vpon his Loue.*

Then of this conqueſt let thy Soueraigne boaſt,
And make report with ſhame what hee hath done:
A thing more eaſie then ſubdue an Hoaſt,
Or conquer Kingdoms, as his Father wonne;
O hapleſſe Sire, of this vnhappy Sonne.
And hee more ſhame ſhall carrie to his graue,
Then Fortune honors to his Father gaue.

Thus

Thus ſpoke my minde, (as women vſe to doe,)
Hoping thereby ſom-what to eaſe my hart,
But words I found, did but increaſe my woe,
Augment his rage, not mittigate my ſmart;
And now comes in the reckoning ere wee part.
And now my valure muſt be try'd, or neuer,
Or famous now, or infamous for euer.

Taking the poyſon from his deadly hand,
Vnto the King carouſt my lateſt draught;
Goe wretch (quoth I) now let him vnderſtand,
Hee hath obtayn'd what hee ſo long hath ſought;
Though with my blood, my fame I deerlie bought.
And though my youth hee baſely haue betrayd,
Yet witnes Heauen, I liu'd and dyed a Mayd.

Then why repine I, ſith hee thinks it meete,
Hee is my Soueraigne, and my life is his,
Death is not bitter, ſpyc'd with ſuch a ſweet,
VVhich leades the way to euerlaſting blis;
Hee's all my ioy, hee all my glory is.
Hee is the tuch by whom my gold is tryed,
Onely by him my death is ſanctified.

For could my life haue giuen life to mee,
My youthes fayre flower, yet blooming, had not dyed,
Then how ſhould this but meritorious bee,
VVhen by my death, my life is ſanctified?
Could euer thing more fitly bee applied?
In this is loue, in this his care I finde,
My Lord is iuſt, my Lord is onelie kinde.

Then let theſe teares, th'Elixars of my loue,
Bee to his ſoule a pure preſeruatiue,
And let my prayers, be of ſuch force to moue,
That by my death, my Soueraigne may ſuruiue:
And from his raigne, let Fame herſelfe deriue
His glorie, like the Sunnes tranſlucent rayes,
And as the heauen, eternall be his dayes.

This mortall poyſon, now beginnes to rage,
And ſpreads his vigor thorough all my vaines,
There is no phiſick can my greefe aſwage,
Such is the torment which my hart deſtraines,
Boyling my intrales in moſt helliſh paines.
And Nature, weakned of her wonted force,
Muſt yeeld to death, which now hath no remorce.

And thoſe pure thoughts, which once I choiſly fed,
Now when pale death my ſences doth ſurprize,
I offer heere vpon my dying bed,
This precious, ſweet, perfumed ſacrifice:
Hallowed in my almighty Makers eyes.
VVhich from this Alter, ſends me heauenly light,
Guiding my ſoule amid this darkeſome night.

My glorious life, my ſpotleſſe Chaſtity.
Now at this hower bee all the ioyes I haue,
Theſe be the wings by which my fame ſhall flye,
In memorie, theſe ſhall my Name engraue;
Theſe, from obliuion ſhall mine honour ſaue.
VVith Laurell, theſe my browes ſhall coronize,
And make mee liue to all poſterities.

"Our fond preferments, are but childrens toyes,
"And as a ſhaddow, all our pleaſures paſſe,
"As yeeres increaſe, ſo wayning are our ioyes,
"And beautie crazed, like a broken glaſſe:
"A prettie tale of that which neuer was.
"All things decay, yet Vertue ſhall not dye,
"This onely giues vs immortalitie.

My ſoule, thus from her pryſon ſet at large,
And gentlie freed from this poluted roome,
This prize vnloden from this lothſome Barge,
(Such is the Heauens ineuitable doome:)
My body layd at *Dunmow* in my Toombe.
Thus *Baynards-Caſtle* boaſtes my bleſſed birth,
And *Dunmow* kindly wraps mee in her earth.

Now ſcarcely was my breathleſſe body cold,
But euery where my tragedy was ſpred:
And Fame, abroad in euery Coaſt had told,
My reſolution, beeing lately dead:
The glorious wonder of all woman-head.
And to my Father flyes with this report,
VVho liu'd an Exile in the French-Kings Court.

His griefe, too great to be bewail'd with teares,
VVords, inſufficient to expreſſe his woe,
His ſoule, aſſaulted with a thouſand feares,
As many, ſundry paſsions come and goe;
His thoughts, vncertaine, wandring to and froe.
At length, this fearefull extaſie ore-paſt,
Grones from his ſoule this paſsion at the laſt.

O Heauens (quoth hee) why was I borne accurſt?
This onely comfort to mine age was left:
But to deſpite mee, you haue done your worſt,
And mee of all my worldly ioyes bereft:
I quite vndone by your deceitfull theft.
This was the Iewell I eſteemed moſt,
And looſing this, now all my treaſurs loſt.

Yee powers Diuine, if you be cleane and chaſt,
In whom alone conſiſts eternitie,
VVhy ſuffer you, your owne to be diſgra'ſt,
Subiect to death and black impuritie?
If in your ſhield be no ſecuritie?
If ſo for Vertue theſe rewards be due?
VVho ſhall adore, or who ſhall honour you?

VVhat ment you, firſt to giue her vitall breath,
Or make the world proude by her bleſſed birth,
Predeſtinating this vntimely death,
And of her preſence to depriue the earth?
O fruitleſſe age, now ſtaru'd with Vertues dearth.
Or if you long'd to haue her company,
O why by poyſon would you let her die?

O Soile, with drops of mercy once bedew'd,
VVhen iuſt men were inſtauled in thy throne,
But now with blood of Innocents imbrew'd,
Stayning the glory of fayre *Albion*,
O luſtfull Monſter, ô accurſed *Iohn*.
O heauens, to whom ſhould men for iuſtice cry,
VVhen Kings themſelues thus raigne by tyrannie?

O gyue mee wings Reuenge, I will aſcend
And fetch her ſoule againe out of their power;
From them proceeded this vntimely end,
VVho tooke her hence before her dying hower.
And rays'd that clowd which rayn'd this bloody ſhower,
And from the graue Ile dig her body vp,
VVhich had her bane by that vile poyſoned cup.

O pardon Heauens theſe ſacriligious words,
This irreligious open blaſphemie;
My wretched ſoule no better now affords,
Such is the paſſion of mine agonie,
My deſperate caſe in this extremitie.
You harbour thoſe which euer like you beſt,
VVith bleſſed Angels let her ſpirit reſt.

No,

No, no, Ile practiſe by ſome ſecret art,
How to infect his pure life-breathing ayre,
Or elſe Ile ſheath my poyniard in his hart,
Or with ſtrong poyſon Ile annoynt his Chayre:
Or by inchauntment, will his dayes impayre.
O no, reuenge to God alone belongs,
And it is hee which muſt reuenge my wrongs.

O heauens, perforce we muſt attend your time,
Our ſuccours muſt awaite vpon you ſtill,
In your iuſt waights you ballance euerie crime,
For vs you know what's good, and what is ill;
VVho vnderſtands your deepe and ſecret skill?
In you alone our deſtinies conſiſt,
Then who is hee which can your power reſiſt?

O, could my ſighes againe but giue thee breath,
Or were my teares ſuch balme as could reſtore thee,
Or could my life redeeme thee from this death,
Or were my prayers, but inuocations worthy:
Sighes, teares, life, prayers, were all to little for thee.
But ſince the heauen, thus of my child diſpoſeth,
Ah me, thy Tombe now all my ioyes incloſeth.

O what a wonder ſhall thy valure bring?
VVhat admiration to poſteritie?
VVhat rare examples from thy vertues ſpring?
O what a glorie to thy Progenie,
To bee engrau'd in laſting memorie,
VVhen as applauding Fame in euery Coaſt,
Shall thus in honor of *Fitzwaters* boaſt?

England, when peace vpon thy ſhores ſhall flouriſh,
And that pure Maiden ſit vpon thy Throne,
VVhich in her boſome ſhall the Muſes nouriſh,
VVhoſe glorious fame ſhal through the world be blown,
(O, bleſſed Ile, thrice happy *Albion*;)
Then let thy Poets in their ſtately rymes,
Sing forth her praiſes to ſucceeding tymes.

By this, the Kings vile bloody rage is paſt,
And gentle time his choller doth digeſt,
"The fire conſumes his ſubſtance at the laſt,
The greefe aſſwag'd which did his ſpirit moleſt:
That fiend caſt out wherewith he was poſſeſt.
And now he feeles this horror in his ſoule,
VVhen loathſome ſhame his actions doth controule.

Black

"Black hell-bred-humor of reuenging ſin,
"By whoſe inticements, murder we commit,
"The end vnthought of, raſhlie we begin,
"Letting our paſsion ouer-rule our wit:
"Miſsing the marke, which moſt we ayme to hit.
"Clogging our ſoules with ſuch a maſſe of care,
"As caſts vs downe oft times into Diſpayre.

Traytor to Vertue, Reprobate (quoth hee,)
As for a King, no more vſurpe the name:
Staine to all honor, and gentilitie,
Mark'd in the face with th'yron of Defame:
The Picture of all infamie and ſhame.
Diſpis'd of men, abhor'd in euery place,
Hate to thy ſelfe, the very worlds diſgrace.

VVhen all thy race ſhal bee in tryumph ſet,
Their royall conqueſts and atchiuements done,
Henrie thy Father, braue *Plantagenet*,
Thy conquering Brother, *Lion-hart*, his Sonne:
The Crownes,& ſpoyles,theſe famous Champions won;
This ſtill ſhall bee in thy diſhonor ſaid,
Loe, this was *Iohn*, the murderer of a Maide.

This act enrold in Booke of black Defame,
VVhere, men of death and tragick murders reed,
Recorded in the Regiſter of ſhame,
In lines whoſe letters freſhlie euer bleed,
VVhere all the world ſhall wonder my miſdeed.
And quote the place, (thus euer) paſsing by,
Note heere King *Iohns* vile damned tyranny.

Her blood exhal'd from earth vnto the skye,
A fearefull Meteor ſtill hangs ore my head,
Stayning the heauens with her Vermilion dye,
Changing the Sunnes bright raies to gorie red,
Prognoſticating death and fearefull dread;
Her ſoule, with houling, and reuengfull ſteuen,
Shreeking before the gates of higheſt Heauen.

VVhoſe ſacred Counſell, now in iudgement ſet,
And Shee, before them ſtands to plead her caſe,
Her drearie words in bloody teares are wet,
The euidence appeares before my face,
And I condemn'd a catife wanting grace;
Iuſtice cryes out vpon this ſinfull deede,
And to my death the fatall ſtarres proceed.

Earth,

Earth, ſwallow me, and hide me in thy wombe,
O let my ſhame in thy deepe Center dwell,
VVrap vp this murder in thy wretched Tombe,
Let tender Mercy ſtop the gates of hell:
And with ſweet drops this furious heate expell.
O let Repentance, iuſt reuenge appeaſe,
And let my ſoule, in torment finde ſome eaſe.

O, no, her teares are now become a flood,
And as they riſe, increaſing mine offence;
And now the ſhedding of her guiltleſſe blood,
Euen like a Cankar, gnawes my Conſcience,
O, ther's my greefe, my paine proceedes from thence.
Yet neuer time weares out this filthy ſtaine,
And I diſhonor'd euer ſhall remaine.

Then doe I vow a ſolemne Pilgrimage,
Before my wretched miſerable end;
This done, betake mee to ſome Hermitage,
VVhere I the remnant of my dayes will ſpend:
VVhere Almes and Prayer I euer will attend.
And on the Tombe at laſt, where thou dooſt lye,
VVhen all is done, Ile lay me downe and dye.

And for his Penance, laſtly hee deuis'd,
Monthly to *Dunmow* would he take his way,
And in a ſimple Palmers weede diſguis'd,
VVith deepe deuotion kneele him downe to pray:
Kiſsing the place, whereas my body lay.
VVaſhing my Tombe, with his repentant teares,
And being wet, yet dryed it with his hayres.

And now, before my ſpirit depart from hence,
O let me ſee the Muſes owne delight:
Idea, mirrour of all patience,
VVhoſe ſacred Temples are with Garlands dight;
O let my ſoule bee bleſſed in her ſight.
VVhich ſo adorns this poore world with her birth,
As where ſhe is, ſtill makes a Heauen on earth.

O let mee once behold her bleſſed eyes,
Thoſe two ſweet Sunnes which make eternall ſpring,
VVhich baniſh drouping Night out of the skies,
In whoſe ſweet boſome quiers of Angels ſing:
To whom the Muſes all their treaſures bring.
Her breſt, *Mineruas* euer hallowed ſhrine,
VVhoſe ſainted thoughts are ſacred and diuine.

Slyde

MATILDA.

Slyde ſtill ſweet *Ankor* on thy ſiluer Sands,
Play dainty Muſick when ſhe walkes by thee,
VVith liquid Pearle waſh thoſe pure Lillie hands,
And all thy Bancks with Laurell ſhaddowed be,
And let ſweet *Ardens* Nightingales with glee,
Record to her in many a pleaſing ſtraine,
VVhilſt all the Nimphes attend vppon her traine.

FINIS.